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CONTRIBUTED.

THE COLORS OF ANIMALS.

II.

Serpents' scales,
And painted birds' down, furs and fishes' skins
Must help me.

—*Browning: Paracelsus.*

As already indicated in the first part of this paper,* some of the colors of animals have no biological significance. The red color of blood and the white of fat may be mentioned as examples. Now, it so happens that the coloring-matter of blood is, indeed, red; but it is not its redness that is serviceable, but rather its affinity for oxygen. The color is an incidental result of the chemical composition of hæmoglobin. And similarly the whiteness of fat is merely the result of the physical structure of that substance, which is valuable to the organism on its own account. It must be remembered, moreover, that while these substances when exposed to light are red and white respectively, in their natural positions beneath tissues which are opaque they are both black. Nor can it be said that even those colors which show in definite patterns on the surface have always an adaptive significance. Dr. Graf, of Columbia, has recently shown that the longitudinal stripes of a certain species of leech are due to the fact that some of the wandering excretory cells bearing pigment make their way most easily and establish themselves between the muscle bundles, which in this species are most strongly developed longitudinally. A different species of leech with a different

* See THE STUDENT for December, 1894.

life habit is spotted, rather than striped, because the longitudinal stripes are interrupted by the strongly developed transverse and oblique muscle bundles.

Let it not be imagined, however, that such incidental and meaningless colors are of no importance to this inquiry. In fact, they supply the raw material, so to say, out of which natural selection or sexual selection develops the distinctively significant colors. With color already present in the organism to start with, its arrangement in definite patterns may be effected more easily and in a shorter time.

Leaving on one side those colors which seem to be of direct physiological value to animals, such as the pigment of the retina and the dark colors favorable to the imprisonment and retention of heat, we may group the significant colors in the following scheme: *

Significant Colors.

1. Resembling the Environment:
 - a. Protective Resemblance.
 - b. Aggressive Resemblance.
2. Resembling another Species—Mimicry:
 - a. Protective.
 - b. Aggressive.
3. Warning and Signalling.
4. Displayed in Courtship.

I propose, in the remaining portion of this paper, to give illustrations of these several classes of coloration.

1. *Color and Environment.* The close relation between the colors of animals and their habitual surroundings is a matter of common observation. It holds not only in respect of this or that species in a restricted area, but also of the heterogeneous inhabitants of great regions. White is the prevailing color in arctic localities, green in tropical, and yellow and brown in deserts. Of arctic animals some are always white, as the polar bear and the snowy owl, and some are white only in winter, as the arctic fox and the ermine. Those which are

* Cf. H. B. Poulton: *The Colors of Animals*, p. 22.

permanently white live on the ice and snow the whole year round, while those which change their coats to white on the approach of winter, spend the summer in localities free from snow—"partridges and hares that grow white by the snow upon mountains," as saith old Montaigne.

The evergreen forests of tropical regions present us, as Wallace declares, with whole groups of birds whose ground color is green; as for example, parrots and the fruit-eating pigeons. Many other groups have so much green in their plumage as strongly to recall the dense foliage of their native haunts.

In the desert, says Canon Tristram, without exception the upper surface of every bird, and also the fur of all the smaller mammals, and the skin of all the snakes and lizards is of one uniform isabelline, or sand color. The lion, camel, and desert antelopes are other examples.

Local color adaptations in particular species are even more remarkable. The markings of the woodcock, the snipe, and the quail harmonize so minutely with the dead leaves or marsh grass amid which they sit that it is well nigh impossible to discover them so long as they remain motionless. Samuel Butler has somewhere in his once famous polemic this mixture of wit and science, alluding to the hunter's method before the rise of wing-shooting :

Fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.

One may read a related passage in "the simple annals" of good Gilbert White about the stone-curlew: "The young run immediately from the egg like partridges, etc., and are withdrawn to some flinty field by the dam, where they skulk among the stones, which are their best security; for their feathers are so exactly of the color of our gray spotted flints, that the most exact observer, unless he catches the eye of the young bird, may be eluded." And what a loving and intimate relation is that which Browning, with his customary

adequacy, portrays between the little shore-birds and the wet sand where they find their food:

Where the quick sandpipers flit
In and out the marl and grit,
That seems to breed them, brown as they.

The black shadows of the reedy vegetation of the jungle assimilate with the vertical stripes of the tiger, and the spots of giraffes, forest deer, leopards, and ocelots become indistinguishable from the spotty shadows cast by forest leaves.

That this widely prevalent and striking assimilation of hues to those of the environment is of direct service to the animals concerned is not to be doubted. There are clearly two services which it may render. In the first place, imitative hues enable the animal to conceal itself and so avoid being eaten by its foes. In the second place, they enable the animal to surprise or to creep upon its prey unobserved. The first is what is called above *protective resemblance*; the second is *aggressive resemblance*.

The illustrations given must suffice for *general* protective and aggressive resemblance. I add now some cases of *special* adaptive simulation—that is, cases in which a particular object is copied, in shape and outline as well as color.

One of the most striking examples within my own observation is that of a slender loop-caterpillar, accidentally discovered on a green twig of the ash-leaved maple. It supported itself by its prop-legs at the posterior end, and stood off at an angle of forty-five degrees from the twig, in every detail of rigidity, size, color, and surface irregularities so closely simulating a branch twig that when it was announced to a number of students that a caterpillar was resting in a delimited area of the bush, they failed to find it. Mr. Drummond tells in his *Tropical Africa* of a "walking-stick insect," which, while his eye rested on it, passed into invisibility. An Asiatic lizard is described by Mr. Poulton as an example of special aggressive

resemblance. "Its general surface resembles the sand on which it is found, while the fold of skin at each angle of the mouth is of a red color and is produced into a flower-like shape, exactly resembling a little red flower which grows in the sand." Insects are attracted, and as they pass between those flowery jaws they doubtless wonder how they could have been so deceived. A certain spider of Java takes advantage of the attractiveness of the excreta of birds for butterflies, and, with the help of its curiously disposed web and the colors and attitudes of its body, establishes with extraordinary detail a resemblance to a bird's dropping which must deceive the most wary of its prey. I once observed the imitation of the same object with remarkable exactness by a moth. This was a case, however, not of aggressive but of protective resemblance. I picked up a little stick with which to examine a bird's dropping on a grape leaf. What was my surprise, on touching the mass, to find it take wing and fly away!

2. It will be convenient to speak next of *Warning Colors*. The object of the class of colors just now illustrated is concealment. The object of warning colors is quite the opposite, namely, to make the possessor conspicuous. If the first are, according to our theory, serviceable, it would seem that the second require to be accounted for in some other way. But these conspicuous colors also yield themselves to the same utilitarian explanation, for they are associated with some offensive property, such as the possession of a sting or a noxious taste or odor. Now the disagreeable animals need only to be recognized in order to be avoided, and the ease with which they are recognized secures them against being mistaken for the defenceless or savory species of the same class. If they did not fly some danger signal, they might suffer serious or fatal injury before their enemies became aware of the risk involved in the attack.

The best illustration of warning colors in the mammalian class we have in the skunk. The animal is thus described by

Mr. Belt: "At night the skunk goes leisurely along holding up his white tail as a danger-flag for none to come within range of its nauseous artillery, which can be discharged with too sure an aim at any assailant. The large white tail is laid over against the black and white body, producing a very conspicuous effect in the dusk, so that the animal is not likely to be pounced upon by any of the carnivora, mistaking it for other night-roaming animals."* It may be added in the words of Mr. A. R. Wallace, the skunk's consciousness that it needs only to be seen to be avoided gives it that slowness of motion and fearlessness of aspect which are characteristic of most creatures so protected. We are indebted to Mr. Belt's acute observation for another striking example. He says that the frogs around Santo Domingo are all protectively colored like their surroundings and are preyed upon by snakes and birds—all except one little species which, in strong contrast, "hops about in daytime dressed in a bright livery of red and blue. He cannot be mistaken for any other, and his flaming vest and blue stockings show that he does not court concealment. I was convinced he was uneatable as soon as I made his acquaintance and saw the happy sense of security with which he hopped about. I took a few specimens home with me and tried my fowls and ducks with them, but none would touch them. At last, by throwing down pieces of meat, for which there was a great competition amongst them, I managed to entice a young duck into snatching up one of the little frogs. Instead of swallowing it, however, it instantly threw it out of its mouth, and went about jerking its head as if trying to throw off some unpleasant taste."

The class of insects supplies the greatest number of examples of conspicuous coloration designed to warn off attack. It was, indeed, the brilliant colors of certain caterpillars that Darwin laid before Wallace as a problem to be solved in harmony, if possible, with the theory of natural selection; and the solution

* The Naturalist in Nicaragua, quoted by Poulton, in *The Colors of Animals*, p. 161.

which Wallace returned was the germ of the conception sketched above.* But my diminishing space warns me to pass to the next and related class of colors.

3. *Mimicry*. Sometimes the term "mimicry" is loosely employed as being equivalent to resemblance to the environment, whether general or special. It is so used by Drummond in the work cited above. Usually, however, it is restricted to those cases of detailed likeness, in which one animal copies the form and color pattern of another animal. The term was first proposed, I believe, by the late Mr. H. W. Bates in 1862 in a classic paper published on his return to England from the Amazon valley. In that naturalist's paradise Mr. Bates found very abundant a brilliantly colored family of butterflies, the *Heliconidæ*, having all the characteristics of "warning" coloration. He sometimes, however, captured butterflies which, on account of their close resemblance, he mistook for members of this family, but which he discovered later belonged to a very different family, the *Pieridæ*. They were, in reality, no more closely related than sheep and pigs are, to use Mr. Wallace's comparison. Now, insectivorous creatures allow the conspicuous and peculiarly marked *Heliconidæ* to pass unmolested on account of their nauseous taste and odor, and it is clearly to the advantage of the *Pieridæ* to simulate, in form, color, and mode of flight these inedible species so closely as to deceive their natural enemies as they did Mr. Bates. To one of these really juicy and palatable make-believes sailing past, a lizard or a bird will say, "Go, you stinking *Heliconius*!"

Mr. Wallace reports the following striking example: In Borneo a large black wasp, whose wings have a broad white patch near the apex, is closely imitated by a beetle, which, contrary to the general habit of beetles, keeps its wings expanded in order to show the white patch on their apex, the wing-covers being reduced to inconspicuous scales.

* Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, II., pp. 275, 276.

These are far from being isolated cases. Many similar ones have been recorded by Bates, Wallace, Poulton, and other observers; so that the same principle appears to prevail very widely in many different groups, in reptiles and birds, for example, as well as in insects.

Aggressive mimicry, in which "one species resembles another in order to be able to approach it without exciting suspicion," is said to be far less common than protective mimicry. The bare mention of an example or two must suffice. Hunting spiders in some cases resemble in size, form, color, and movements the flies on which they feed. There is a praying-mantis which is very like the white ants which it eats. One species of the genus of flies *Volucella* closely resembles the humble-bee in order that it may lay its eggs in the humble-bee's nest, where the larvæ when they hatch prey upon the larvæ of the bees.*

4. *Colors Displayed in Courtship.* I have reserved little space for the treatment of this last class of significant animal colors, and in some respects they are the most interesting of all. They have not, indeed, as we shall see, the important role of determining the issue of the struggle for existence, as have the colors previously considered; but they introduce us into the world of the beautiful. Those minister to the preservation of life; these to its decoration. Those excite our interest; these our admiration.

The Darwinian theory of natural selection, which appeals to the principle of utility, does not apply to courtship coloration. For example, the peacock's tail, from the point of view of the struggle for life, would be a disastrously expensive luxury. Far from being useful in this regard, it cannot be attributed to the agency of natural selection. Mr. Darwin saw this, and proposed the theory of "sexual selection." The theory may be briefly stated: It is a matter of observation that the higher

* Recently Mr. P. H. Beddard and others have criticised the accepted theory of mimicry. Cf. *Nat. Science*, Mar., '92.

animals do not pair indiscriminately; so that there does occur a literal *sexual selection*. Now, it is inferred that this selection is made in accordance with an æsthetic taste on the part of the animals themselves. If so, we have an adequate explanation of the beauty of the animals. For example, "there can be no question that the courtship of birds is a highly elaborate business, in which the males do their best to surpass one another in charming the females. Obviously, the inference is that the males do not take all this trouble for nothing, but that the females give their consent to pair with the males whose personal appearance or whose voice proves to be the most attractive. But if so, the young of the male bird thus *selected* will inherit his superior beauty; and thus, in successive generations, a continuous advance will be made in the beauty of plumage or of song," which, while shared in by the females to some extent, will reach its highest expression in the males.*

When he would a-wooing go, the gay gallant puts his best foot forward, whether he be spider or butterfly, bird or man. Literally, his best foot, in the case of some species of spider, for the precious spot of ornament may be confined to a single pair of legs, and it is this pair which, in all his curious dancing and attitudinizing, he is careful to display in the full view of the severe critic, who may, after all, reject his advances.†

I have merely sought to present a general and easily intelligible view of the subject of animal coloration, with no attempt at originality, either of matter or of treatment. I conclude, out of deference to John Keats, if you please, with the suggestion of the wider relations of the subject, quoting Mr. Wallace: "The resplendent train of the peacock exhibits to us the culmination of that marvel and mystery of animal color which is so well expressed by a poet-artist in the following lines. The marvel will ever remain to the sympathetic

* The clearest and most concise discussion of the theory of sexual selection is probably that by Romanes in *Darwin and After Darwin*, pp. 379-400.

† Peckham, *Occ. Papers Nat. Hist. Soc. of Wisconsin*, I., 1849.

student of Nature, but I venture to hope that I have succeeded in lifting—if only by one of its corners—the veil of mystery which has for long shrouded this department of nature. The lines are 'On a Peacock's Feather':

" ' In Nature's workshop but a shaving;
Of her poem but a word—
But a tint brushed from her palette,
This feather of a bird!
Yet, set in sun-glance,
Display it in the shine,
Take graver's lens, explore it,
Note filament and line;
Mark amethyst to sapphire,
And sapphire to gold,
And gold to emerald changing
The archetype unfold!
Tone, tint, thread, texture,
Through every atom scan,
Conforming, still developing,
Obedient to plan.
This but to form a pattern
On the garment of a bird!
What, then, must be the poem,
This but its lightest word!
Sit before it; ponder o'er it;
'Twill thy mind advantage more
Than a treatise, than a sermon,
Than a library of lore.' "

W. L. POTREAT.

THE IRON PRINCE.*

The 19th of February, 1894, is a day long to be remembered by every inhabitant of Germany, especially by the citizens of Friedrichsruh. On this day was enacted a scene, the remembrance of which makes every German bosom swell and every German heart beat with joy and gladness; and the annals of German history, teeming though they may be in

* Anniversary Oration.

grand events, furnish no more impressive and more imposing scene than the one which was enacted on this day.

From early morning every train that arrived at Friedrichsruh brought hundreds of people, and special trains were run from Hamburg and other places to accommodate the crowds that desired to be in Friedrichsruh on this day.

By noon the city was full to overflowing and all seemed hurrying to one part of the city, the station. It could be easily told by the expression on every face that something of importance was about to happen. Extensive preparations had been made for this occasion, and the members of several veteran societies had volunteered their services as guards of honor and to guard the approaches to the station. Around the station was one vast sea of humanity, and every one jostled against his neighbor, so eager were they to get nearer.

At half past two o'clock the imperial train, bearing the imperial party, left the station in Berlin and commenced its journey to Friedrichsruh. In every town along the route, the people, who were not able to be present in Friedrichsruh on this occasion, had gathered themselves together and heartily cheered the Emperor, for they knew his mission. Finally the imperial train reached its destination. A stillness as of death falls upon the vast multitude. The Emperor appears and alights from the carriage. An old man, with gray hair, yet with an erect carriage and a firm and steady step, approaches from the other side. He goes straight to the Emperor; they clasp hands, then embrace; the oppressive silence is at an end and one mighty, ringing shout from ten thousand throats rends the air.

You may ask yourselves the questions, Why this demonstration of gladness by so many people? Who is this old gray-haired man? What has he done that all Germany, as it were, rises to do homage to his presence? Come with me, ladies and gentlemen, and let us hastily review the eventful life of the man who beheld Germany, in her weakness, trodden under

foot by all Europe, and who, by his giant mind and powerful intellect, has made it one of the foremost powers of the world, a lasting monument to his devotion to his Fatherland and his untiring efforts for its unity.

Otto Edward Bismarck, the Unifier of Germany, was born on the 1st day of April, 1815, in the little village of Shonhausen, not very far from Stendal, a town well known in history as the birth-place of Winckelman, "an eloquent expounder of the ancient art." At this time the Emperor William, whom he afterwards served so long and faithfully, was a mere lad; and in France, Napoleon, late returned from Elba and again surrounded and worshipped by his admiring veterans, was exerting all his influence and powers to perfect the organization of a force capable of overthrowing united Europe. Little did this "Satanic Corsican" think that, even then, far away toward the north, in a small and obscure hamlet, a man-child had been born who could build again all that he might destroy, and could shatter to atoms his mushroom-like dynasty.

Bismarck sprang from a family which had served its native land in almost every capacity. They were noted for their bravery and strength of character, and history records several instances in which some one or another of his illustrious ancestors was intrusted with some important service for the government; however, we will not attempt to trace his ancestral line further than their first recorded appearance in history, which was about the beginning of the fourteenth century. There we read of them as warrior knights, engaged in driving invading foes from off their beloved Fatherland and struggling to throw off the galling yoke of bondage which is so hard to a German neck, or rendering some other important service for their country's good.

Charles William Ferdinand Bismarck, his father, was a "bright, solid and emphatic-looking man," who, by his industry and frugality, had laid up for a rainy day a goodly

store of this world's goods. His rank was that of a titled country gentleman with a large lauded estate, so we infer that the Iron Prince did not spring from the lowest walks of life, in which his poverty would have checked the due development of his powers, nor did he spring from the nobility, which would have allured him into a life of luxury and ease, but from the gentry or lesser noblesse, that class which has furnished a Parnell to Ireland, a Gladstone to England, a Washington to America, and, in fact, so many shining lights to the history of every civilized country beneath the sun.

The first remarkable fact in this remarkable life was the early age at which he was placed in school. At the tender age of six years he was sent to a boarding-school in Berlin and there he remained until he was twelve. Then he was placed in one of the "gymnasias" or public high schools of the capital. Here he remained five years, living part of the time with his parents, who spent the winter months in Berlin, and in their absence he boarded with his professors. In these schools the foundation for his education was laid; and at the age of seventeen he entered the Hanoverian University at Göttingen for the purpose of perfecting himself in law.

His career at this university was far from being satisfactory, both to his parents and friends. Instead of taking advantage of and improving these golden opportunities which were so graciously showered upon him, he spent his time in drinking, carousing and dueling. In the last he was especially famous, and, at this school, many a man who was forced to acknowledge the power and cunning of his strong right arm was destined afterwards to feel the stinging bite of his tongue. It is not to be expected that a young man who spent so much of his time in beer-houses and fencing schools could ever find time to even acquaint himself with the spirit of Justinian; but indolent and worthless as he seemed to be, he found time for reflective moments when the stern realities of life presented themselves to his mind, and he often enjoyed intelligent con-

versation with one of his fellow-students, "a pensive American lad," the one afterwards to become the greatest history maker, the other to become the best history writer of the nineteenth century. But at this time, being of a restless, roving disposition, he is found in one of the great universities of Berlin. Here his opportunities were increased, and, though it was entirely unknown, he must have improved the moments as, with measured beat, they numbered themselves with the past, never to return, and, moreover, he must have done an incredibly large amount of work in an inconceivably short time, for soon after entering here he passed his state examination in law "with credit at least, if not with brilliancy."

This brings us to the time just before his first appearance upon the stage of European politics; and reviewing his life thus far we would hardly imagine that this gay and effervescent youth possessed qualities and powers which would sooner or later shake the world from center to circumference; that he would engage successfully in diplomatic controversies with the foremost powers of Europe, and that the plans for elevation and unification of his own country would spring "ready armed from the womb of his gigantic reason, like Palas from the head of Zeus." But, ladies and gentlemen, even at this early age the spirit of the great work, which God seemed to have created for him alone to accomplish, seemed to be upon him; for while pursuing his studies he laid a wager that all Germany would be united in twenty years. Of course we know that this time was too short by nearly half for the perfection of this gigantic scheme, but it shows that even in his youth he displayed that keen foresight and excellent judgment which was so characteristic of him in his diplomatic career.

Soon after obtaining his law license, as we express it, he was elected to his first public office. True, it was a position with which there was connected very little honor, yet he was faithful in the performance of his duties, and the care with which he attended his work attracted the attention of his superiors.

At this time he met the Prince of Prussia, afterwards to become the Emperor of united Germany; and little did this soldierly Prince think that at that very time he beheld the man who should offer and give him his crown. But by the adverse ruling of a cruel fate he was compelled by paternal extravagance to give up his political aspirations and retire to the country, and, to express it in his own words, "to live in the wilderness—farm and hunt, with an occasional excursion into the great world." But he was not destined to always lead this retired and secluded life, for his mighty and ever-growing spirit was far too vast for the solitude and confinement of a rural existence; and so, lured on by higher aspirations and nobler ideas than he could ever attain, situated as he was, he resolved to again launch his fragile barque on the sea of politics, and in 1847, when he was elected to the *Lands-tag*, he came to the bottom of the ladder of fame and began its rugged ascent. But before we discuss his career as a diplomatist let us look briefly at the chaos of conditions and affairs out of which he shaped and moulded one of the greatest nations now known to civilization.

At the beginning of the ninth century the German tribes were brought beneath one sceptre, known as the Carolingian Empire, and from then on every effort was put forth for greater and stronger unity, but this unity of the tribes did not create a German nation. Ambitious princes were soon waging disastrous wars on each other, and it appeared that the whole German race would be blotted from the face of the earth. This condition of affairs lasted until the sixteenth century when the religious wars devastated the whole country. Ere this, Germany had sunk to its lowest depths of political corruption, and it was shaken to its very foundation, not only by the clash of arms in its own civil wars, but every dispute between contending powers of all Europe was fought out on German soil, and in the "merciless justice of history, the nation that had lusted to rule Europe was cast under the foot of the stranger."

When Germany emerged from these devastating wars it was a "trium" with Austria and Prussia as the two leading powers and a great number of petty States. Under such circumstances national unity was not even to be dreamed of; for, with two great States, like two strong men, confronting each other, neither willing to yield the balance of power to the other, the question as to which was to rule Germany was not a question to be decided by any number of diplomatic controversies but by the intervention of war alone. However, various attempts were made to unite Germany, but they were soon dissipated and none were successful.

Yet it was well known that when the momentous question, should Prussia rule or Austria hold the reins of government in her hands, should come to decision, the unification of dissatisfied Germany, under the sceptre of the victorious, would immediately follow. But bloodshed must intervene, thousands of lives must be sacrificed and as many homes made desolate. But what is the physical discomfort of the few compared with the bettering of the whole people? Is it not by suffering that the world is made better, and are we not unable to conceive of progress without it? It was in such times as those that Bismarck, who was, out of the scattered fragments of a people, to form a nation which would be revered by a trembling continent, first drew upon himself the criticising gaze of a restless public.

From the beginning of his political life till the end he was a warm supporter of the ruling power. During his Parliamentary career his every effort tended toward the establishment of stronger bonds of unity between the people and the imperial power. For this he was hated by the people, and curses were heaped upon him by the masses; but even this did not deter him from his purpose. His was a will of iron, and when once he had put his hands to the plow he never looked back. From the first he made the cause of his fatherland his cause, and being determined to unite Germany, he

stood alone in this mighty sea of opposition upheld and sustained by the justness of his convictions, appearing never so strong as when confronted by what seemed impossibilities. We are not surprised then that such a man should attract the notice of the king, for in judgment, intellect and capacity Bismarck towered above the rest of his countrymen as the giant oak raises its lofty head above the tops of the weak and tender saplings of the forest. Three times would the deadly bullet of the assassin have cut short the life of this greatest of all great men, but the arm of the omnipotent deity was ever about him, and three times by the intervention of divine providence was he spared to accomplish that great work whereto he was sent.

His life was influenced by the acquaintance of Prince Metternich with whom he enjoyed a strong and lasting friendship. He was the diplomatic genius of the past, and Bismarck cultivated his powers, fashioned after the pattern of this grand old man, and when at last he was gathered to a happier home in the great and eternal beyond, from the heart of the man who was to shape the future of Germany a fervent prayer ascended to the throne of the Creator that a double portion of this departed spirit might fall upon him.

In 1861, by the death of Frederic William IV., William I. ascended the throne and the era of German regeneration now dawned. Up to this time Germany had put forth her best efforts in driving foreign foes from out her borders and internal corruption had been allowed to reach its worst. Now all foreign policies sank into the background and all the diplomatic talent of the country was united looking toward the internal interests of the fatherland. Bismarck being the brightest star in this bright galaxy of diplomats, and since he was a strong advocate of imperial rights, was appointed President of the Ministry. The die was cast, the fate of Germany was sealed, for he resolved to expel Austria from the German Confederation. A bloody war ensued which finally

culminated in a disastrous defeat of the Austrians in the decisive battle of Sadowa on the 3d of July, 1863.

On the afternoon of the second, King William and his mighty men of valor—his Roon, his Moltke and his Bismarck—arrived on the scene of action, and great was the enthusiasm when it was known by the devoted troops that they were in camp. A council of war was immediately held. It was brought to light that the enemy were preparing to attack on the morrow. The plan of battle was formed. It was simple. "Prince Frederic Charles, with his three corps, was to attack Beudek with his five; while Bittenfeld should fall on the left flank of the Austrians, and the Crown Prince come thundering down on their right." But as the fates would have it, the Crown Prince was twenty miles away, and it took a long and dangerous ride before he could receive the order to advance. However, he was reached, and all for their decisive blow was in readiness.

"The battle began at eight o'clock, and at that hour the King, with Bismarck and his staff, appeared among his troops and was received with ringing, thrilling and never-ending cheers. For hours the rain fell and the cannon roared; the country for miles across was enveloped in the sulphurous and suffocating pall of volumed battle smoke, and the needle-gun wrought fearful havoc among the devoted battalions of Austria; but still they kept their ground and put the valor and discipline of their foes to the severest test. The scales of battle hung evenly although Bittenfeld had already begun to hammer with might and main on the Austrian left. But the right, the right—that was where the Prussians looked for the coming of the Crown Prince as anxiously, as yearningly as Wellington had longed for the arrival of Blucher from the same direction. 'Would to God the Crown Prince or darkness would come!' Moltke was almost beginning to think, when suddenly Bismarck lowered his glass and drew the attention of his neighbors to certain lines in the far distance. All

telescopes were pointed thither, but the lines were pronounced to be furrows. 'They are not furrows,' said Bismarck after another scrutinizing look; 'the spaces are not equal; they are advancing lines.' And so they were; and soon after the cannon thunder of 'Unser Fritz,' with the irresistible rush of the guards up the heights of the Chlum and Rosheritz brought relief and joy to the minds of all. Violently assailed on both flanks and fiercely pressed in the centre, the Austrians now began to slacken their fire, to waver, to give way, to retreat; and soon their flight degenerated into headlong rout. Perceiving his opportunity, the King led forward, in person, the whole cavalry reserve of the first army, which charged and completely overthrew a similar force of the foe, and this bloody and momentous battle was won." Prussia now ruled Germany, and it lay within her power to dictate conditions which would unify the fatherland.

The entry of the triumphal army into Berlin was a grand spectacle. With victorious banners unfurled to the air, the triumphal army, headed by the King, who was preceded by Moltke, Roon and Bismarck, to the lively strains of martial music, marched down the Linden through a flower-strewn lane of more than two hundred captured Austrian guns, and the man who a short time before was hated by all Germany, was crowned with laurel wreaths and his bosom was made to swell with pride by the sky-cleaving shouts which greeted him at every turn. But even in our greatest joys, trouble is never absent from us. Far away toward the South could be heard, as it were, the low mutterings of cannon. Jealous France determines to measure arms with this new power. But France, like all else that dared measure its power with the wisdom of Bismarck, soon lay completely crushed and bleeding at the feet of Germany begging for mercy. On this wave of enthusiasm Bismarck rides to the zenith of his glory, but—

"This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His gentleness is a ripening—nips his root
And then he falls."

Bismarck, now the greatest man in all Europe, feared by a trembling world, loved by his imperial master and worshipped by the enthusiastic and adoring multitudes of his countrymen, was not always destined to ride thus triumphant. Truly he, in his youth, had "put forth his tender leaves of hope," and on the morrow "blushing honors" had fallen thick upon him. But the third day was inevitable. His beloved master, whom he had served so long and faithfully, had at last served his term of existence on this earth; his task was done, and the God who gave his spirit received it again to himself. In his stead a new Emperor ruled. He, too, had a will of his own; and these two, the one just entering into a strong and robust manhood, the other, his hair grown white with the care and anxiety shown for his beloved Fatherland, were unequally yoked; and Bismarck, being the man of the lesser authority, was deposed. With a sad heart he turned back upon the scenes of his former glory and seeks rest in his quiet country home. A few years pass. The Emperor sees the error that he, in his thoughtlessness, had made and relents. They meet and are reconciled, and all Germany congratulates itself that once more the man of the past and the man of the present and future are friends.

In the world's history many a man has had opportunities thrown here and there along the rugged road of life, and by taking advantage of these, many men would have rendered their names famous and would have done great good to their fellow-beings. Being neglected, these opportunities are soon dissipated; but Bismarck, even in the mid-day of his life, by accepting the opportunities which fell before him, together with those which he created for himself, has made his own

name a shining star in the firmament of fame and has benefited humanity the world over.

Rome had her Gracchi, to whose memory it delighted her ancient poets to tune the lyres of their muses and sing the beautiful rhymes of the Latin tongue. England has her Gladstone, whose monument is built in the heart of every Irishman. Our own loved country has had its Washington, in whose memory monuments of crumbling stone and cankered brass have been reared; but Bismarck, the Iron Prince, has built for himself in United Germany a monument that shall stand as long as God's eternal ages shall roll.

"His life is deedful,
And the elements are so mixed in him
That Nature can stand and say to all the world—
This is a man."

RALEIGH T. DANIEL.

LIKE A FLOWER.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

So sweet and fair and pure, love,
How like a flower thou art!
I look at thee, and sadness
Springs up within my heart.

I lay my hand upon thy head
And beg from One above,
That He may ever keep thee
So sweet, so pure, so fair, my love.

L. A. B.

ANTITOXIN.

This new treatment for diphtheria, of which Professor Behring, of Germany, is conceded to be the discoverer, is exciting great interest among scientific investigators.

Professor Behring, with his associates, carried on special investigations in regard to the nature of toxin and its antidote—antitoxin—for some time in Koch's laboratory, before he felt warranted in presenting it to the public.

After he had experimented with it for several years; and had met with satisfactory success, he announced it in 1893, in a report of thirty cases of diphtheria treated with antitoxin at the Berlin Hospital.

It was immediately placed upon its experimental ordeal, being strenuously supported by some of the most noted of the medical profession; and attacked as zealously by other distinguished members of the learned fraternity, notably Dr. Hausemann, of Germany, who recently read a paper before the Medical Society of Berlin in which he declared that the treatment is founded on fallacy; and that, in a short time, the old time-tested treatments would be returned to.

It can hardly be said that it has yet passed its experimental stage, but the severe tests to which it has been subjected have been attended with so much success that it has already secured its place among other great treatments. In order to give a clear conception of this treatment, it is necessary to say something of the nature of diphtheria.

Until 1883 little was known of the pathology of this disease, when Klebs discovered a bacillus in the membranes of the throat of a patient dying of diphtheria. This discovery was further strengthened by the investigations of Loeffler, the next year, who proved that this bacillus produced diphtheria. These bacilli are cylindrical rods of varying length, which inhabit the membranes of the throat in nests. They form an

albuminoid product called toxin, which is taken into the circulation and poisons the vital tissues and membranes with which it comes into contact, producing the systemic conditions called diphtheria. This toxic product acts upon the membranes of the throat, producing inflammation attended with an exudation.

We have seen how toxin is formed, now we will take up antitoxin.

By growing bacillus taken from the throat of a diphtheritic patient in sterilized chicken-broth, the same albuminoid product is obtained, which is formed from bacillus growing in the membranes of the throat. This product is separated from the bacillus by filtration, and is injected under the skin of some animal immune to the disease. The horse is used as the subject of this inoculation, being perfectly immune to diphtheria. By gradually increasing the amount of toxin upon each repetition of the injection extending over a period of from two to three months, the horse becomes insensible to the poisonous effects of the toxin; and can sustain with impunity a dose several hundred times larger than the first dose. The blood is then drawn from the horse and the serum separated.

Upon being injected into the human body, this serum has the power to confer immunity against attacks of diphtheria, thus preventing its spread from one member of a family to another. When injected into the body of a diphtheritic patient, the antitoxic properties of this serum neutralizes the toxin and the patient recovers. Several hundred cases of diphtheria have been treated with antitoxin at the different hospitals in Germany and France during the past year with the most gratifying results, having reduced the death rate far below the average.

I will add here a few reports of cases treated with antitoxin by different physicians of Germany and France:

Katz reported from the Feidreich Hospital one hundred and twenty cases, with a mortality of 13.2 per cent. The average of cases not treated with antitoxin is about 41 per cent.

Two hundred and thirty-one cases were treated at Trousseau Hospital in France during October and November of 1894, with a mortality of 14.71 per cent.

In the United States, White, of New York City, reports twenty cases, with a mortality of 25 per cent; and Williams, of Boston, six cases, with a mortality of 17 per cent.

To these cases can be added numerous other cases, if necessary; but these are sufficient to show that where this treatment has been used the death rate has been greatly reduced.

The demands for the serum at present are far greater than the supply, on account of the slow process of immunizing horses, which extends over a period of two or three months.

Earnest appeals are being made in Germany and France for subscriptions to help pay the expense of preparing this serum. While on this side of the Atlantic, New York City alone has appropriated \$30,000 to further its advancement in that city; and other portions of the United States are responding with equal enthusiasm.

The serum is being prepared now in sealed tubes, to be used by practicing physicians in portions of the United States where a hospital is not available. Every tube is tested by Professor Behring, the original discoverer, and bears his trade mark.

All the thanks of a grateful world belong to Professor Behring, who has by his skill and science added another hitherto fatal disease to the catalogue of conquered diseases.

SPENCER CHAPLIN, JR.

QUATRAINS.

MY LOVE.

My love is fair as is a dream;
As pure as snow, without a guile;
So pure, so fair, it can but seem
God shaped her from an angel's smile.

—RALPH AUDLEY LEIGH, '96.

DAWN.

Ere the stir of early fluttering
Has awakened rosy morn,
Softly, gently, there comes stealing
Whisperings of sorrow born.

—J. D. HUFFHAM, JR.

SUNSET.

The weary sun is sinking slow
Adown the sleepy west;
The lazy zephyrs gently blow,
And nature droops to rest.

THE EXPERIENCE OF JULIEN MAUVAISE.

"Yes," continued Du Boir, as he nervously twirled a wine-glass back and forth between his long, slender finger and thumb, "hypnotism is at last beginning to receive, little by little, its well-merited place as one of the forces in nature. Science, philosophy and learning in general combined to exterminate it, yet each of their belligerent onslaughts of buffoonery or ridicule have been met and overcome until at last mesmerism—or whatever you may choose to call it—stands before us, a powerful though spectre-like warrior, demanding that further encroachments on his kingdom must cease.

"We cannot hope to know much of this force till the prejudice which is now against it has worn off and men have investigated it fully. I have watched with no small degree of interest the trend of the utterances, from time to time, to the public from eminent psychologists who were at work on this subject. In one of our leading scientific journals I read some time ago an article on hypnotism, in which I found the following statement: 'Those who first imagined the analogy between hypnotism and magnetism, in a certain sense, were not so far in error after all.' I will go further by leaving off

all restrictions and say: 'Those who first imagined the analogy between hypnotism and magnetism were not in error at all.' Perhaps this sounds rather incongruous to you. I will tell you why I hold this to be true.

"I have always believed that magnetism and *animal magnetism*, or hypnotism, are synonymous terms; that is, that they are names given to one force which acts alike in the organic and inorganic worlds. The term animal magnetism will some day be employed in its fullest sense, simply in contradistinction to that kind which appears in the inorganic kingdom in the form of loadstone.

"What is a magnet? Simply electricity stored up in a substance which retains it as such. Electricity is a form of energy which is easily transformable into other varieties of energy, or other varieties into it. Can it not be truthfully said then that our bodies, which are storehouses of energy, are magnets? If the heat in our bodies were partly converted into electricity, why would it not be possible to magnetize an inorganic substance? All the conditions necessary are certainly present. 'But,' you object, 'that would be impossible, for you could not retain the electricity; it would escape as fast as it is generated.' I am glad I have facts to substantiate what I am going to say or you would not believe this. What is the property of iron which causes electricity to remain in it? If you will examine, comparatively with other metals, I think evidence will force the conclusion that the explanation is only to be found in the arrangement of its particles. Of course the arrangement of these particles can be determined.

"Now, suppose you could arrange the particles in some part of your body just as they are arranged in the loadstone. Why is not this possible? If the movement of a limb (which is made up of an aggregation of particles) is done by exertion of the will, why could not these particles be made to move in other directions if they were trained to do so by use of the will? But I will not go into the matter further. Listen to the following truthful narrative.

"M. Mauvaise, a friend of mine, recorded in his diary a bit of strange personal experience which befell him while making a tour through Switzerland on foot. It is about as follows:

"SUNDAY.—I found the air quite bracing when I arose this morning. After breakfast I lighted a cigarette and sat out in front of the hut where I spent the night. Before me lay a scene of superb beauty and grandeur. The mountains lifted far up their rugged, craggy sides till their summits seemed almost lost in the sea of ethereal blue above them. Still farther away in dim, hazy, blue outline rose patriarchal peaks, towering high above their fellows, with hoary crests. All seemed a perfect picture of sublime peacefulness. Peeping from out the foliage of the rough mountain side glistened the roof of a shrine.

"I long sat drinking in the beauty of my surroundings. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a sound. How shall I describe it! It was the sound of a bell. But it had not the sound of an ordinary bell. The deep, mellow sound that rolled forth seemed as though the key of a mighty pipe-organ had been pressed, lightly at first, then harder and harder, till its full volume was reached, and then as gradually relaxed. As the solemn notes swelled forth in great volume, all the mountains around echoed and re-echoed.

"I became seized with an intense desire to see the little chapel and its bell. After traversing a rugged path through dense underbrush I at last reached the chapel. I walked inside and seated myself near the door. There was very little light. At the further end could be seen the faint light from a censor. Near the altar, on each side, were stained-glass windows.

"The bell began again to ring; but how different was that muffled sound from that I heard outside! It seemed now loud, now faint, and sounded like the distant intonation of a priest, and again it would burst into a muffled roar.

"Suddenly the windows on each side the altar seemed to

be alive, for their many-colored glasses began to change position like a kaleidoscope, and as the lights flashed in they fell on a picture of the mother of God near the altar, and were reflected as sound. The most beautiful symphonies or orchestras could not compare to the richness in harmony and many combinations which were produced. Enraptured, I listened. The chambers of my innermost being, as it were, were thrown open, and my soul rushed out, back over all the years of oblivion to the sweet influences of early life—back over twenty-five years of sorrow and care—till I found myself again in childhood's happy realms. Once more I chased with my fellows the gaudy butterfly; once more we romped over fields and woods, through long summer days; again we waded the chattering brook or fished in the quiet pool.

"It is winter—a dark, drizzly day. The raw north wind whirls the mist into grim and phantom-like forms. I stand, weeping bitterly, by an open grave in the little churchyard. Nature seems to sympathize with me. The shrubs and trees moan and sigh softly to each other. My childish heart seems almost stilled under its first load of grief; for how could I live without my only brother? I am choking. By a mighty effort I rise and stagger from the chapel.

"MONDAY.—On relating to my good host, Jaques, my experience of yesterday, he simply smiled and said, 'Father Poiton is a wonderful man.' I told him that I had seen no priest, and asked him what he meant. 'Ah, no. It is not necessary to see him in order to feel his power,' Jaques replied, 'for he is a worker of miracles.' Then he told me how Father Poiton, even by an exertion of his will, was able to change his hand into a shapeless mass, and then, holding it out, was able to throw under his influence man and beast, and even inanimate objects. 'He had the bell under his influence yesterday, and, some way or other, caused you to think like you did through the sound,' said Jaques.'"

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

TO

I hear the voices not that round me hum,
Nor see the dull, dark landscape, cold and bare;
For other scenes of dazzling beauty rare,
With visions sweet and quiet deep, now come.

I catch the odor of the rose and plum,
And see the sheen of waters bright and fair,
The serpent vines that climb the giants there,
Where all to Nature's music doth succumb.

Why do my thoughts thus steal so oft away,
While in the midst of work and busy scene,
Why do they round the same spot ever play,

Though stretch so many weary miles between?
The one I love has often told me there,
That old, old story ever sweet and new.

—R. N. Y.

A LEGISLATOR.

In the year of 1804, James McSween was elected to the Senate of North Carolina. He secured his election by various tricks, or what we now call "wire pulling." Tall, handsome, and witty, with a remarkable insight into human nature, he grew to be a prominent member of the Senate.

While in Raleigh, he concluded that he was in need of a wife; and at once he began to seek one. Rumors were soon flying over the Capital that McSween was a man of immense wealth. There was no telling who started this report, but without any investigation it was accepted as true. Immediately invitations by the score were sent to McSween, and some of them he graciously accepted. He soon became the prime

favorite of the ladies, and the model of young gentlemen of good society. There was, however, great uncertainty as to whom the popular McSween should choose for his bride. But James did not leave them long in doubt; for, without more ado, he began to pay his addresses to a Miss Fannie Fairweather, of Virginia, who was reputed to be heiress to a handsome fortune. This beautiful young lady eagerly accepted the proposals of McSween, and after an engagement of less than a month they were married.

On the adjournment of the Legislature, the happy couple took the stagecoach for home. The fresh frosty air made them more gay than usual, and the hours of the morning slipped away pleasantly. McSween dazzled his wife with his brilliant wit, and she delighted him with her merry laughter. But as the day advanced they became more serious, and the bride often expressed a desire to be at the end of their journey; for, as she said, the jolting of the coach had greatly fatigued her.

The sun was in the west when they came in sight of a magnificent building, surrounded by broad fields and pasture-lands.

"Ah, yonder is home!" cried Mrs. McSween. "It is just as I thought it would be."

"You are mistaken, love," said her husband. "You shall see a different sight from this. Why, that dwelling is nothing like ours."

"But the plantation," continued the fair Fannie, "surely ours is not more beautiful than this?"

"My dear," replied McSween, proudly, "you cannot imagine the beauty of our plantation until you see it. The house is so situated as to command a full view of every field."

"Oh, see those cows!" cried Fannie, pointing to herds of cattle lazily browsing in the pastures. "Have you many cows?"

"Yes, yes," James replied, "I have cattle over a thousand

hills. I have five hundred and eight hundred in separate bunches. But, although there are so many, they never give me any trouble, for they all come home at night of their own accord."

The driver now pulled up at an inn, and McSween gracefully alighted and assisted the bride to do likewise. He expressed his intention of lodging at the inn that night, but his wife would not consent, wishing, she said, to sleep that night in her own splendid home.

So McSween engaged a carriage, and they were soon on their way home. The road led them into a vast forest. Everything had a weird appearance in the pale light of the moon which was just rising. The barking of a dog, mingled with the shouts of boys driving the cows home, was heard away across the hills. A flock of wild geese, passing far overhead, filled the air with their harsh cries. But, as the dusk deepened, no sound broke the stillness but the lonely hoot of a "moping owl."

"How far have we yet to go?" asked Fannie, somewhat tremulously. "I am so tired."

"Take heart, dear," said James. "We will soon be there, and I have two faithful servants who will take pleasure in waiting on you."

After riding quietly onward for some time, the carriage stopped before a miserable, sooty hut, built of logs and covered with mossy clapboards. The ground around the well was caving in, and the old well-sweep was tottering to its fall. Standing in the yard—if it might be called a yard—were two old knock-kneed cows, so lean as to find difficulty in casting a shadow. They chewed their ends with as much content as does any fat cow in the world, and their whole aspect seemed to say, "Don't judge us by outside appearance."

No nimble slaves hurried out to meet the newly married couple, no broad fields stretched away in the distance; nothing but a patch of corn and potatoes was in sight. But McSween told his bride that this was home.

"You cannot so easily fool me," said she, laughing. "Where is the fine house you told me of?"

"As to that," replied James, "I didn't tell you the house was fine, I only said that that house we passed to-day was nothing like mine, which is certainly true."

"But where are the spreading fields and pastures, which you described as being so beautiful?"

"I would have you remember," he answered, "that I didn't say the fields were beautiful. I said every part of the plantation could be seen from the house, which is true, even by moonlight."

"Plainly," said Fannie, "you are jesting with me. If this is your home, show me the great herds of cattle that roam over a thousand hills."

"They stand before you," he said, pointing to the two lean cows before described; "the brindled one I have named Five-Hundred, and the spotted one I call Eight Hundred. Over more than a thousand hills they have roamed, though they have been a long time about it, for they are extremely slow of movement."

"Answer me this and I shall cease to doubt," said Fannie rapidly losing her mirthfulness. "Where are your faithful servants?"

"Behold them," slyly replied McSween, holding out his hands. "They are the truest friends I ever had. But come, welcome to your home, until your wealth erects a better one in its place."

"May the Lord forgive me," Fannie moaned, "I have not a cent in the world. I thought that in your abundance you would, on discovering my poverty, gladly forgive me for deceiving you."

"And I," said he, "thought the same thing, reversed. But we are equally guilty, and neither can justly censure the other. So let us take matters as we find them and do the best we can."

They went into the hut, kindled a cheery fire, and chatted pleasantly far into the night. Next morning Fannie milked the knock-kneed cows, roasted some potatoes, and called, "Jáy-ceem! Come to breakfast!" just like a housewife who has been bred to such drudgery.

J. C. McNEILL.

TOO LATE.

Contrary to custom, Anniversary Day dawned as bright and fair as could have been wished. When the morning train pulled into the station a large crowd of students were there to see the arrivals. The band played merry marches and waltzes, and everybody seemed happy. Some of the boys were standing in groups discussing the coming debate; others were strolling about, watching the girls; but Jack Bronson and I stood apart, watching the crowd, with no other purpose than to be amused.

Bronson was my best friend, and, unless our friendship influenced my opinion, he was one of the best all-around men in college. He was tall, with a beautiful physique, black hair, dark eyes that changed in shade with his every mood, and rather handsome. He might easily have led his classes, but he had an idea that a fellow was not a man if he knew nothing but books.

When the train arrived it was full; every coach was occupied. I was startled from my indolent review of the crowd by Jack's sudden exclamation, "By Jove! Who is that little trick there—the one with the blue eyes and brown hair?"

"Why, that is Miss Lee—Daisye Lee," I replied, as soon as I found of whom he was speaking. "She is to visit Professor Holeman, I think."

"Gad!" he exclaimed; "she's pretty. Where did you meet her?"

I told him I had met her the summer before, but did not tell him that she was reported to be engaged to a rich old fellow who had a mortgage on all of Major Lee's property.

Of course they met—Miss Lee and Jack, I mean—and all the next day he talked of nothing but Miss Lee.

* * * * *

The annual Field Day exercises took place, with no unusual events. Bronson was the "star," and, at the final count, led by ten points.

At the reception that night the "all-'round" medal shone on Daisye Lee's breast. Bronson was a happy fellow, and his eyes (they were black then) flashed with an expression of just pride.

Miss Lee pleaded a headache, and they stayed only a short time.

* * * * *

All the next day Jack moved about as if dazed. On Monday he showed more familiarity with his recitations than he had evinced in several months. After that he was the hardest student of his class—until that terrible fever seized him.

When I heard he was sick I immediately went over to do what I could. The doctor told me that no one should see him, but as I volunteered to nurse he took me aside to tell me Jack's condition.

"Mr. Bronson," he said, "has fever, and must be kept very quiet. There is something on his mind," he continued, "and if that could be removed, his recovery would be more hopeful." Then followed his instructions.

When I went in Jack was sleeping. After awhile he awoke, and accepted my being with him as a matter of course.

"Tom," he exclaimed in his ravings, "she 'shook' me. Egad! if I thought she didn't love me it wouldn't be so bad, but I know she does."

In his more rational moments he told me that after the Field Day reception he had pressed her for an answer. He would

not be put off, and as often as she tried to change the subject, just as often would he revert to it. At last, when she saw she was obliged to give some answer, she said, "Come here, Mr. Bronson, where the light will fall on your face—that's it. Now kneel!" Of course he knelt, wondering all the while what would happen next. She placed her little hand on his head and stood for a moment, too much overcome with her feelings to speak.

"Jack," she said, at last, "you ask me if I love you. I cannot answer that; but I will say that I like you more than any man I know. It is impossible for me to tell you anything more; it is better for you not to know." "Now," she resumed, after a moment, "don't reason about it, for I can never marry you. You must go, now, 'forgive and forget.'" She stooped and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Good-bye," and she was gone.

The next morning he received a heart-broken little note begging him not to call any more. He did call, though, on the very next night, but she excused herself.

As soon as I heard his story, I guessed that she loved him, but was engaged to the old miser to save her father's property and honor. When I left Jack's room, I called on her, bent upon finding if my surmise was true.

She excused herself.

* * * * *

Just as the sun was setting on that mild May afternoon Jack called me. "Tom, old man, pull my bed up to the window where I can look out. There, that's right! Now raise me just a little; put a pillow under my head; ah, that's nice! O, God! how beautiful everything is this evening. All the campus is bright and fresh and green, and I—am—dying," with a half sob. "Tom, I'm not afraid to die, but, but—" I thought he was becoming delirious again and tried to quiet him, but he quickly read my thoughts and went on. "No, don't bother now: I am not delirious; I am dying. No, don't

send for anyone; they can't help me. I don't mind very much," very slowly, "but—Tom, tell her I loved her, and that I was true. Tell her not to—to," chokingly, "care or grieve much." Then he was quiet for a little while.

Someone out on the campus was singing to the music of a guitar. The song was ending, and these words floated up to us in the mellow sunset quiet:

"Oh, some must love, and some must wait;
But oh, the heart that loves too late."

The passion in that voice comes to me now, as it repeated,

"But oh, the heart that loves too late."

I thought Jack was asleep, but when the song ceased he muttered again:

"Yes, yes; the heart that loves too late, too late; yes, mine was too late!"

He lay quiet a little longer, and just as the sun was about to go he raised himself and almost shrieked:

"Tell her I was true to her, my love, my only love; yes—"
He fell back—dead.

* * * * *

The parlor curtains were drawn and it was very dark. The coffin lay in the middle of the room, and the face, so cold and calm, could only be seen dimly by the light of two tall candles.

I sat in the darkest corner alone. My thoughts were on Jack's dying words, and the more I thought upon them the more angry I became with Miss Lee.

My reverie was broken by the rustle of a dress and the light streaming through the open door. There stood Miss Lee. It was so dark she could not see me, and she thought she was alone—alone with Jack, the truest boy that ever lived.

As soon as the door was closed she lost all of her reserve, and throwing herself down by the coffin she covered his lips,

his face and even his hair with kisses. "Jack," she moaned, "Oh Jack! open your eyes just one moment; tell me that you forgive me; tell me that you love me still. You knew that I would lose all for you. Why did you leave me?"

Then she calmed herself and muttered in a lower but sadder tone, if possible, "Too late, too late! Too late for love, too late for pardon, too late for tears! Good-bye, Jack. One last kiss. Oh my God, how cold your lips are! Good-bye; no, farewell, farewell!"

She had fainted.

TH. H. BRIGGS.

August, 1894.

A STORY OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The boys had gathered in the little village of M—— from all parts of the State and from many of the surrounding States, and had worked hard and faithfully through the fall and winter. And now that the springtime was upon them, they looked forward with no little interest to the coming of June. To some the coming of June was of intense interest. With it would come commencement, beyond which lay the untried future, to grapple with which they had spent four years of toil and struggle. And now as they were almost upon the threshold of the new life to which they had looked forward so long, very naturally they grew restless and impatient. The boys were all working hard, and the fact that June would bring to them rest from their studies stimulated them to push forward with renewed zeal. Some would return, while others would go out into life to try their hand in the battle for existence.

The college was beautifully located in the suburbs of the village, and in the centre of an entirely rural part of the country. Possibly half a dozen stores, a railroad station, the postoffice at the corner of the street, and a few other places

of minor importance comprised most of the village. The college, of course, was the life of the place; and had it not been for its two hundred students who gathered there yearly the village would soon have lost its leading firms—prominent among them the “clothing establishment of Mr. —,” “the fancy department of Mr. —,” etc.

The postoffice was by far the most interesting resort of the village. You could not pass by this public place at any hour of the day without seeing from a dozen to two dozen boys “sampling” the obliging postmaster’s peanuts or apples, which happened to be occupying a rather public place. It was amusing to see with what interest the new students collected at this important place immediately after the arrival of the local mail which stopped at the station twice a day. Many a lone, sick fellow sought the postoffice to learn something of his fate from the white-winged messenger of her who then, in many instances, had forgotten the poor fellow and had been captured by a more fortunate rival.

And so the life of the college wore on, and with it the life and energy of the village. There were over two hundred students in college, and among them were to be found the sons of the leading citizens of that and the adjoining States. Besides these, the sons of the prominent citizens of the village were there. Among them might be mentioned the sons of the local judge, the doctor, the lawyer, the parson, and the professors. The senior class was unusually large, there being not less than twenty-five who would graduate in June. The class was regarded as of unusual promise, and it was generally believed that every man was well equipped to go out into life.

Among the seniors were twelve boys who had, by daily association in the class-room and on the field, become warmly attached to each other. The ambition of one seemed to have been the ambition of them all; and as a result, they had stood together on the field against all opponents, and had worn the laurels of victory or bit the dust of defeat together. Their

lives, some how or other, had so intertwined themselves about each other that the least wrong upon one would call for equal vengeance from the twelve. They had learned to love each other strongly and were not often seen separated. And now that they were so soon to part, many of them, perhaps, forever, they seemed to cling all the more closely to each others side. Prominent among them were the sons of the judge, the doctor, and the parson of the village. With the exception of the three mentioned, the twelve boys came from distant parts of the State. Everybody in the village and the surrounding country knew them and admired them for their strong moral character. While they had not made any very striking impressions for piety, yet their faithfulness to each other and the firmness and loyalty by which they kept their word had won for them friends on all sides.

Harry Shelton was unanimously regarded as the leader of the twelve, and it was only necessary for him to give orders and the others would obey. It was generally known that Harry was engaged to Loula Earle, the only daughter of Colonel Earle, an independent old farmer, who lived on his plantation about a mile from the village. Loula, her mother having died when she was quite small, had lived all the remaining years in the great house with her father, and had become the idol, not only of the home, but of all the surrounding country. Everybody who knew her loved her, and it seemed only natural that she and Harry should drift together. They were to marry soon after Harry's graduation in June. Everybody seemed to sanction the engagement, and Harry was warmly congratulated, for it was generally conceded, though Harry was of exceptionally bright promise, that Loula was in no way his inferior. She was well worthy to stand by Harry Shelton, to comfort and cheer him through life. They were devoted to each other. Harry loved her with a strong manly love which could find no peace save by her side. Deeply and tenderly his heart had gone out to her. And in

view of his approaching marriage, he had become doubly restless for the coming of June—the sweetest of all months, he had said so many times to Loula.

Her father, the old Colonel, was known far and wide and exerted no little influence in his county. The fact that he had served with distinction in the war a few years before gave him a position of decided prominence. He had, however, one failing, and that was the saloon. He had fought against the demon of drink for years, but still he often yielded to the tempter's snare. Many times he had gone over to the village, often solemnly promising himself to come back sober that night, only to be brought home at night drunk. Unfortunately, the village was not considered successful without the addition of one of these dens of crime.

One afternoon while Harry and the other boys were waiting at the postoffice to get their mail the old Colonel staggered up to the office drunk. In his usual jolly manner he greeted the boys and staggered into the office to get his mail. Harry and his friends were standing in front of the office and cracking jokes, as they had done many times before. After a little while the Colonel came out of the office, and, after a few jolly words with some friends about the office, started off towards home. It was now late in the afternoon and the sun was just casting back his last lingering rays as he sank behind the distant hills. The Colonel could not possibly get home before dark. It was at least a mile to his home, and, besides, he had to cross a very dangerous ravine, over which it required a man of steady nerve to pass in safety, before reaching the plantation. The Colonel was drunk, he was alone, the ravine could not be reached before dark, and it became very evident that some one must accompany him. "Look here, Harry," said all the boys at once, as the Colonel turned the corner on his way homeward; "you had better go on with the Colonel and see that he gets home safe. Any of us would go, but we think that you feel more interest in the old man than we do."

"That's so, boys," said Harry, "somebody must go with the old fellow, and I am not the one to refuse. But suppose we all go on with him until he crosses the ravine and we can come back in time for supper." And so the boys soon overtook the Colonel and they all went on pleasantly together for some time. Haze Stamples, a certain loafer of the village who happened to be going on out in the direction of the plantation, joined the boys just as they were leaving the office and went on with them. With his exception, the boys were all the twelve. Everything moved on pleasantly for awhile. It was good dark when they reached the ravine. Some of the boys took the Colonel by the hand to lead him across the bridge. He at once pulled himself loose and told the boys to let him alone, that he could manage himself. They knew that this would not do, and they laid hands on him again. This time the Colonel, inflamed by the whisky, which had now begun to change the man to the demon, struggled in their grasp and fought like a madman. Words waxed warm and blows were rapidly given. The blood of the boys ran high at the rough language of the Colonel, and they little thought of what they were doing. They little dreamed that they were that night verging on a tragedy. Little did they think in what measure they would pay back that night's work or how many lives were then swinging in the balance. The struggle was short in the darkness. In the midst of the blows, which fell thick and fast, a scream of pain smote on their ears, a groan was heard, and the boys fell back in confusion, while terror instead of anger filled their hearts. In the struggle some one had stabbed the Colonel, and before they could recover from their fright he lay dead at their feet. They all gathered round him, vainly hoping to bring him back to life. But they soon saw that life had fled. Some one had done the deed. But who? No witness, save the eternal witnesses of God as they looked down through the rifted clouds. No condemning voice, save the beating of their own hearts. The moon, now lifting her-

self from behind the far-off hills, threw her beams across the form of the Colonel and revealed his face ghastly and rigid in death. The night birds murmured for a moment in the boughs above, but soon hushed. Then they gathered around the Colonel's body more closely, and did something that was to try their faithfulness in the future.

A word of explanation is necessary just here in order that the reader may fully appreciate what followed. From almost the foundation of the college a secret organization had been kept up by the boys—mostly by the senior class. And, although the Faculty had resorted to every means possible to destroy it, yet it still existed. This organization was known as the "Midnight Kaps." Every member was pledged to secrecy as to its proceedings and to protect with his life, if necessary, any member who might get into trouble. Under no circumstances must its proceedings be revealed while living. So binding was the oath that in all the history of the order it had never been known to be broken.

With the exception of the loafer, Hace Stamples, who, the reader will remember, had joined the boys at the postoffice, they were all "Midnight Kaps." They made him take the oath of eternal allegiance, and he was duly initiated as a Mid-knight Kap. Then they all drew themselves up around the dead body of the Colonel, and clasping each others hands, with no witness save the stars and the murmuring stream beneath them, they swore to keep secret the proceedings of that night. Hace Stamples also took the oath with them. Then casting a last, lingering look upon the old Colonel's face, they sought the woods to await events.

The Colonel's body was found early next morning and carried home. His daughter was almost heartbroken. The news of his death spread like wild-fire and aroused a storm of indignation. The whole country was aroused as never before. Who did it? Who could have had the heart to murder the old Colonel? The boys could not be found. Suspicion at

once pointed to them and every effort was put forth to discover their hiding places.

A week had now passed since the murder. That night as the Doctor's old servant, Sam, was passing through a lonely and desolate part of the woods on his way from the Doctor's plantation to his home in the village, he was startled by a voice calling to him from the darkness. He at once recognized the voice of Harry Shelton and turned from the roadside in the direction of the voice. When he reached Harry, he found him surrounded by all the other boys—all eager to learn something of the condition of things in the village, and if it would be safe for them to make any efforts to return home. Sam could not tell them. He had been off all the week on his master's plantation, several miles from the village, and was now returning home to spend the Sabbath with his family as was his custom. He told the boys to conceal themselves near an old graveyard in one of the loneliest parts of all that county, and that he would return that way the following night with all the news he could secure in the village. It would be dangerous to risk a second interview with them, but they could learn the news from his song, as he would be singing when he passed the graveyard. As he frequently sang when on his return to the plantation, no one could suspicion anything. If the song he sung was full of life and mirth, then the way was clear and they could return to home and friends in safety. But if there was danger in the wind, his song would be sad and lonely. The old darkey loved the boys, and would do anything to help them, now that they were in danger.

Next night just before twelve, the appointed hour for Sam to pass, the boys gathered at the graveyard to learn their fate from the old darkey's song. As the moments went by, they listened in breathless suspense and gazed wistfully into each others eyes. Friend gazed upon friend with the strongest problem of his life at issue. The silence of death seemed to fill the midnight stillness, and the warbling of the night birds

had hushed. They waited! What would the signal be? Should they return to home and friends, or must they flee before the strong arm of avenging justice? They couldn't tell, but they waited. Just then the old darkey's song came floating through the midnight stillness.

J. N. TOLAR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DREAMLAND.

Do you hear the music over the hills,
So sweet and beautiful and clear?
Do you see the moon as it quickly fills
The world with beauty far and near?

It is the time the spirits of air
Come down from their homes on high,
Their crystal palaces again to repair
As over the earth they fly.

L. A. B.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE FEBRUARY STUDENT contains the following contributions: "The Colors of Animals," Professor W. L. Poteat; "The Iron Prince," R. T. Daniel; "Antitoxin," Spencer Chaplin, Jr.; "Too Late," T. H. Briggs; "The Experience of Julian Mauvaise," J. D. Hufham, Jr.; "A Story of College Life," J. N. Tolar; "A Legislator," J. C. McNeill; "Quatrains"; "C. L. to —"; "Like a Flower," "Dreamland."

FOOTBALL IS NOT so popular as it was a year ago. The American people have at last awakened to the fact that it is a dangerous game. The President of Harvard condemns it.

WAKE FOREST IS vigorous and progressive. Nothing need be said in praise of her schools of Latin, Greek and Mathematics; they are *par excellence*. The course and instruction in Modern Languages is all that could be desired. She has a good Law course. Her schools of science cannot be surpassed in the State. The English course is the best she has ever had, and is doing much to make her students polished, well-informed men. The friends of Wake Forest can confer no greater benefit upon her than to endow the chair of English, and thus aid the work which is most beneficial to young men.

TO SPELL WELL and to use the English language correctly is of the utmost importance. A college man is judged by the language he uses and the way he spells. It is a shame for a graduate to be ignorant of what he ought to have learned in the primary class. A college man who does not know how to use his mother tongue correctly casts a reflection upon his *alma mater*.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

THE PRESENT SESSION of Congress has been almost as great a disappointment as the last. Three months of valuable time have been worse than wasted. No good has resulted from its legislation. It has only the sin of omission for which to answer. The time has been spent in unprofitable discussions. Many members have been at home attending to private business, and there has been no regularity or harmony about anything except the pay—that has been drawn with marvellous regularity. It is a great mistake to let men make laws after their successors have been elected. No one need expect men to be good lawmakers after the people have entered an emphatic protest against what they have already done.

ALL COLLEGE BOYS should learn how to speak. Nothing else will be of so much practical use; nothing else will better equip a man for the active duties of life. The first thing to do in learning to speak is to try. Good, honest effort, directed by intelligence, reason and common sense will be sure to triumph. It is not well to confine one's self either to written or

extemporaneous speaking. A judicious combination of the two will produce the best results. More important than the mechanical structure is the subject-matter and the enthusiasm the speaker feels for his subject. No better advice can be given than that of Faust to Wagner:

“Be honest, if you would be eloquent;
Be not a chiming fool with cap and bells;
Reason and genuine feeling want no arts
Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution.”

THE UNSETTLED STATE of the French Republic, the frequent revolutions in South America, the gross abuse of power and the growing discontent in our own land, are enough to make the most optimistic have some apprehensions as to the stability of republican governments. The ancients recognized but three forms of government: Monarchy, Aristocracy and Democracy. These, degraded, became tyranny, oligarchy and anarchy. The history of most nations shows that they have passed through these several forms of government, together with the degraded forms belonging to each. Englishmen say their government is the best; that it combines the power of a monarchy, the wisdom of an aristocracy, and the good intentions of a democracy. Thus far it has proved to be a good government, and its stability and strength have increased with years. Our own government has something of the same form, though under a different name and different conditions. It has other features wholly its own, and no one can tell what will be its future. The fact that we have the best features of the English Government, and additional features peculiarly our own, ought, at least, to give much promise of a bright future.

WE CAN NEVER hope to read all the books and poems that are daily published. Some of them deserve a close perusal, while others are not worth the time it would take to read them. The greater part of them die with the breath which announces them. There is some solace in knowing that we have not missed much. A novel written for a particular people, descriptive of some particular age, or to accomplish a certain purpose, must pass away with the removal of the conditions which produced it, while the unnatural and the overdrawn must have even a shorter life. "Trilby," "The Yellow Aster," "The Heavenly Twins," are things of the past. Already the public are looking for something new. Some books never grow old. They are full of man and nature, and are true for all time. Through all the world's history man has been the same; he has had the same hopes, the same fears, the same aspirations and longings, the same desire to fathom mysteries and to make the most of his higher nature, the same capacity for love. All these things will be interesting for all time to come.

THE SENATE DID the right thing in appropriating money for the laying of a cable between the United States and Hawaii. England was anxious to lay one, and President Cleveland was unpatriotic enough to wish to assist her in getting possession of a whole island for that purpose, though neither England nor the President made it clear why it was necessary to have a whole island for a station. The United States will not annex Hawaii during President Cleveland's term. He has had no hobbies, but the nearest approach to one was his defence of Queen Lil. The United States occupied the anomalous position of a republic's defending a monarchy. The argument against annexation is very weak; the argument for it is most convincing. We have a large territory, and we need Hawaii to assist in defending it.

GREAT CRIMES HAVE been committed in the name of justice. Cruel persecutions have found protection under a religious cloak. That day has passed, but sometimes even now envy and hypocrisy masquerade under the old cloak. The Northern press, as a whole, is friendly to the South, and wish her to prosper. There are a few editors, however, who wilfully misrepresent the Southern people and pervert the truth. These are like the Pharisee who made his prayers in the corners of the streets and in the synagogues. One editor we have in mind has for the motto of his paper a Scriptural quotation, another delights in writing his leading editorials on such subjects as "Charity," "Faith," "The Love of Christ." These two papers have published more slander on the South than all the others combined. A letter from a prejudiced Negro preacher, or an unprincipled white man, the justice meted out to some fiend by an outraged community, is enough to set the vile tongues wagging. It is remarkable what these long-range philanthropists can say.

The Nation is not a hypocrite, but it is laboring under a mistake. It says the South is doing nothing to elevate the Negroes. That is untrue. The Southern people have aided them all they could, and each year the several State Legislatures appropriate money for the training and education of the Negroes. The problem is solved if those fanatics will let it alone. The other charges *The Nation* makes are true, but it errs in judgment. It deplores the fact that the South has statutes against intermarriage and mixed schools. These statutes are just, and it seems that no reasonable man can object to such, especially if he is a white man and feels any pride in his race. Separate schools are just what are needed, and the South will not countenance such advice. In fact, the South is amply competent to attend to her own affairs, and needs no instruction, either in morals or the art of government. She has supplied more statesmen and better statesmen than all the rest of the Union combined. She has given

birth to the the bravest warriors. Her sons are the best, the noblest, the truest and the purest in the whole land. *Laissez faire* would be a good plan for some people to adopt in regard to the South.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. L. CORNWELL, Editor.

IN THE *Atlantic Monthly* for February, Mrs. Fields writes a very interesting sketch of the life of Celia Thaxter and her Island Home.

THE "Life and Letters of Erasmus" is a cheap edition of the last book of Mr. Froude's to appear during his lifetime, and owes much of its popularity, no doubt, to that fact.

"ENGLISH HISTORY in Shakespeare's Plays" is a valuable book by Mr. Warner, based upon a course of lectures which are intended to "interest the student of history in Shakespeare, and readers of Shakespeare in English history.

HENRY M. STANLEY has written an autobiographical book entitled "My Early Travels and Adventures," to be published at Easter. It will include an account of the two Indian campaigns of 1867. Mr. Stanley will stand for Parliament again at the next general election, and, if beaten, will revisit the Dark Continent.

NAPOLEON AT HOME: "The Daily Life of the Emperor at the Tuilleries;" is the story of the home life of the Emperor told in a charming manner by Frederic Masson. While these two volumes throw no new light on Napoleon as a public man, they furnish interesting information concerning the many details of his private life.

IN THIS field of sociology a most significant book of the day is Mr. Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England." Since its issue a million copies have been sold. If we take the very moderate estimate that for every person who buys a book there are three who read it, we shall set down the readers of "Merrie England" as moving on toward three millions.

MR. HOWELLS is fond of naming his novels with a phrase from Shakespeare. In his two-part story which begins in *Scribner's* for March, he returns to this habit and names it "A Circle in the Water," from the phrase "Glory is like a circle in the water," etc. The question which he asks and answers in this story is, if fame ends "by broad spreading," do not infamy and shame end likewise?

THE first volume of "The Story of the Civil War" by J. C. Ropes, probably the most distinguished American military critic, has recently been issued. Mr. Ropes is a student of war as a science. He is thoroughly familiar with the causes of the late war. He shows clearly that the North and South were confronted by different questions or, at least, questions that did not involve to the same extent the interests of both sections. Mr. Ropes treats the question in an unprejudiced manner, and if his history is what it is said to be it will doubtless be the most reliable story of "The Struggle between the States."

"HENRY OF NAVARRE," by Mr. Blair, is an unprejudiced presentation of the life of Henry IV of France. Mr. Blair says: "When Henry IV came to the throne he found France dismantled by civil wars and without government. Not only did he reconquer his kingdom, town by town, province by province, but he restored it to peace and prosperity by an administration which has no equal in its annals." Although there are traits in the character of Henry IV which may lower him in the estimation of to-day, he could well have afforded to use the words which the great dramatist put in the mouth of Othello: "Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

THE end of the year produced two very remarkable volumes of verse, Mr. Davidson's "Ballads and Songs" and Mr. William Watson's "Odes and other Poems." The genuineness of the latter is testified to by an extract from "The World in Armor":

A moment's fantasy the vision came
Of Europe dipped in fiery death, and so
Mounting reborn, with vestal limbs aglow,
Splendid and fragrant from her bath of flame,
It fled; and a phantom without a name,
Sightless, dismembered, terrible, said: "Lo,
I am that ravished Europe men shall know
After the morn of blood and night of shame."

The spectre passed and I beheld alone
The Europe of the present as she stands,
Powerless from terror of her own vast power
'Neath novel stars, beside a brink unknown;
And round her the sad kings, with sleepless hands,
Piling the faggots hour by doomless hour.

ADA NEGRI, the Italian girl who has lately come into such prominence was the daughter of very poor parents, her mother being a factory hand in the little village of Lodi. At eighteen she left the miserable home of her childhood to become a teacher in the common school of a neighboring town. The verses which have made her famous wherever the Italian language is known were written in the evenings after she had spent the day teaching her noisy boys and girls. A writer in the *Rundschau* speaking of her poetry says: "My feeling is like that of surprise and delight, as when one, following a familiar path comes suddenly upon a cluster of flowers whose beauty of color and form is entirely new to him. There is nothing wonderful nor odd nor dazzling in these flowers, nothing but simple beauty; and withal a fragrance and a feeling of childlike joy in mere existence mingled with regret at my own and my brother's destiny."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. R. MOORE, Editor.

—H. W. Broom ('66-'69) is merchandising at Waxhaw, N. C.

—In the late election D. W. Bradshaw ('69-'72) was elected Clerk of the Superior Court at Roxboro, N. C., with the flattering majority of 1,175. He is the only man elected in the county on the Democratic ticket.

—T. S. Reid ('72-'73) is senior partner of the firm of Reid & Reid, "The oldest legal business in the county." The *Review* spoke of him as exhibiting much of the fire and ability which characterized his father, who was twice elected Governor of the State, and served in both Houses of Congress.

—'75. John E. Ray has gone from Denver, Colorado, to Danville, Kentucky.

—'75. H. R. Scott is President of the Reidsville Bank, the charter of which he drew up and secured its passage through the Legislature. The *Review* says: "He stands second to none upon his native heath."

—G. W. Livermore ('75-'77) is doing a successful lumbering business at Roxobel, N. C.

—'77. Rev. J. R. Jones has left the pastorate of the Baptist church at Milton, N. C., where he has served the people faithfully and well for several years, and has accepted the care of the church at Cape Charles, Va.

—Rev. Livingston Johnson ('77-'78), for some years the faithful and much loved pastor of Rockingham Baptist Church, has moved to Lumberton, N. C. Both pastor and people are well pleased.

—'79. Dr. C. A. Rominger was mentioned in high terms of commendation as among the most successful and trusted

dentists of the State, and a citizen highly prized in his town. He is known throughout the State as one of our most faithful and successful Sunday School workers.

—Rev. J. H. Lambeth ('79-'83), has entered upon the work in his new field, Mt. Airy, with his characteristic enthusiasm, and is fast drawing the people to him. All will soon find that to know him is to love him.

—Geo. B. Carter ('81-'84) is traveling agent for the Courier-Journal Lithograph Company. To him we are indebted for the *Insurance Herald*, which he sends regularly to the College Reading Room.

—'87. D. O. McCullers is succeeding well as druggist at Clayton, N. C.

—'87. D. A. Pittard, who graduated in '87, and subsequently spent two years here ('93-'94) in order to pursue further some branches of his studies, is now principal of a flourishing and growing school at South Boston, Va.

—Rev. G. L. Finch ('86-'88), having recently resigned the care of the church at Biltmore, N. C., has accepted the church at Pulaski, Va.

—'91. W. A. Osborne is traveling agent for Vetterlein Bros., Philadelphia.

—Rev. Jonathan Wood ('90-'91) having spent some time in Raton, New Mexico, has recently returned to this State and is now pastor of the Baptist church at Bryson City, N. C., which pastorate Rev. C. H. Durham ('93) resigned, taking a field in Virginia.

—'92. S. C. Welsh has gone into copartnership with one of the leading law firms in Waynesville, N. C.

—'92. Rev. W. M. Gilmore is pastor of the First Baptist church, Brunswick, Ga. Judging from the cost of the building (\$40,000) we would suppose he had a very strong church. THE STUDENT wishes him great success in his new field.

—'92. Oscar J. Peterson was married January 15, '95, to a Miss Williams, of Pender County, N. C.

—'92. Rev. M. A. Adams is mentioned in the following terms: "Paragon as Preacher—The Able and Popular Minister of the Reidsville Baptist Church." * * * "A Strong but Successful Divine." During his pastorate one hundred and forty have been added to the church.

—Rev. K. C. Horner ('90-'93) is pastor of the churches at Siler City, Cool Springs and Rives' Chapel.

—Rev. W. F. Fry ('90-'93) was recently ordained to the ministry at Bayboro, N. C., and has accepted work at Grantsboro, N. C.

—'94. T. J. Pence is city editor of the *Raleigh Daily Press*.

—'94. R. F. Beasley, of Monroe, N. C., was recently married to Miss Ella Stewart, of the same town. He is the first of his class to enter the "holy bonds of wedlock."

—We noticed sometime ago in the *Weekly Review*, of Reidsville, a lengthy review of the most prominent citizens of that town, among whom none were more highly spoken of than the following sons of Wake Forest: T. S. Reid, Dr. C. A. Rominger, H. R. Scott, M. A. Adams.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

RAIN! HAIL!! SNOW!!!

JUDGE E. W. TIMBERLAKE and wife spent some days on the Hill visiting Mrs. W. G. Simmons.

MISSIS POWERS AND REID are visiting Mrs. C. F. Reid.

UNUSUAL interest is manifested in the coming Society elections.

WE WERE glad to see Mr. W. L. Foushee on the Hill a few days since.

QUITE A number of the members of the Legislature attended the Anniversary exercises.

MISS BESSIE MAYES, of Emporia, Virginia, has been visiting Mrs. W. M. Dickson recently.

WE ARE glad to note that President Kilgo, of Trinity, will favor us with a lecture sometime in April.

WE ARE indebted to Mr. John M. Heck for the design of the new cover which graces this number of the STUDENT.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES are especially fortunate in securing Hon. Thomas W. Mason to deliver the address at the next Commencement.

REV. C. W. BLANCHARD, who has been chosen to aid Dr. Taylor in raising the endowment for the Royall Chair of English, was on the Hill a few days ago.

IT WILL BE a source of pleasure to the students and friends of the College to know that Rev. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon at our next Commencement.

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen have been chosen by the Faculty as Commencement speakers: *Eu.*, R. T. Daniel, J. H. Kerr, J. V. Devenny; *Phi.*, I. S. Boyles, W. C. Newton, J. A. Oates.

WE WERE glad to see so many of the old students present at Anniversary. It, at least, shows that they have not forgotten their *Alma Mater*. Among those present were W. C. Dowd, W. E. Daniel, C. W. Mitchell, J. W. Bailey, H. A. Foushee, J. G. Mills, T. J. Pence, C. M. Billings, B. White, J. E. Fowler, W. O. Howard, and Professor Wallace Riddick.

AT THE February meeting of the Scientific Society Professor Lanneau delivered an interesting lecture on "Corundum." This subject is of special interest to North Carolinians, and we hope to be able to publish the lecture in full in the next number of THE STUDENT.

THE FIRST performance of the Minstrel Club was given on Thursday evening, February 14. That it was a success is conceded by everyone who attended—and nearly everybody was there. Extensive preparations had been made, and a bright, lively, "up to date" entertainment was the result. The local hits were especially good. The music by the Mandolin and Guitar Club added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

IN A LETTER from Wake Forest to the *News and Observer* on the 10th inst., we notice the following:

"Committees of the Faculty have agreed to recommend the erection of another course leading to the degree of B. A., having a legal complexion, just as other courses have a classical, scientific or modern language complexion, as the case may be. It is a four years' course, and the student completing it will receive the degree of Bachelor of Laws in addition to B. A. Besides this legal B. A., they propose a two years' course in law, embracing political science and some English, for which the degree of B. L. will be given."

QUITE A large number of young ladies were present at our Sixtieth Anniversary, despite the extreme coldness and inclemency of the weather. The following were among those present: Miss Bruce Suead, Fork Union, Virginia; Misses Rogers and Johns, Clayton, N. C.; Miss Lillian Foote, Warrenton; Misses Belle Upchurch, Evelyn Thomas, Bessie Belvin, Lizzie Briggs, Mattie Pace, Raleigh; Miss Lollie Lewis, Goldsboro; Miss Kelly, Charlotte; Miss Lelia Allen, Weldon; Miss Mayes, Emporia, Virginia; Miss Dunn, Henderson; Misses Davies, Cullowhee, N. C.

ANNIVERSARY, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

At 2:30 o'clock P. M. Mr. William Royall, Jr., called the house to order and extended to all present a hearty welcome, after which the Secretary, Mr. J. R. Moore, read the query for debate, "Should the House of Lords be abolished?"

Mr. I. S. Boyles, of Stokes County, the first speaker on the affirmative, gave briefly an explanation of the English mode of government, and the respective powers of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. A popular and prominent objection to the House of Lords is that its policy as a legislative body is detrimental to the best interests of the English subject, and by delaying legislation it deprives the people of, it may be, needed and indispensable laws. Besides, as we are all aware, this is an age of transition; and as the needs and the wants of the people change, so must the modes and forms of government change. There was a time when men looked to the House of Lords for the protection of society and the promotion of their interests, but not so now. They are beginning to know and feel the iniquitous effects of such a body, and are longing for its abolition. Again, when we consider the condition of the masses of the people of England to-day, when we remember the fact that comparatively few of the English people are owners of land, we have only to call to mind the condition of affairs in Babylon, Rome, Egypt and Persia at the time of their downfall, to see that, unless the aristocratic House of Lords be abolished, Feudalism will prove a curse to England.

Mr. John H. Kerr, of Yanceyville, N. C., who represented the negative side of the question, began by hastily sketching the slow development of our present systems of government. He claimed that Mr. Gladstone was the prime mover in the crusade against the House of Lords because that body had failed to pass his Home Rule Bill. This bill had never been popular with the English people, and in voting it down the

House of Lords had only voiced the sentiment of the electorate of England. The charges of weakness, on account of its being an hereditary body, he claimed, were false, and cited facts in history in support of his statement. The House of Lords as a second legislative body is preferable to the United States Senate, for the House of Lords has no right to kill any measure which may be in accord with the wishes of the people, while the Senate may refuse to pass any measure, despite the wishes of the people. Not only so, but the abolition of the House of Lords would be contrary to all the teachings of history and the "universal experience of mankind." He closed by mentioning the glorious achievements of England under the two-chamber constitution.

Mr. Isaac M. Meekins, of Columbia, N. C., stated that at no time in English history was national pride greater than it is to-day, and that to this feeling must be ascribed most of the dissatisfaction which now pervades England. He then replied in a spirited manner to some of the objections made by the negative to the abolition of the House of Lords. The most important was that of precedent. While it may be true that the House of Lords has witnessed the "rise and fall of knight-hood, the birth, growth and maturity of a new world," yet, "the ravages of time have crept so silently and surely upon the House of Lords that to-day it stands as does a man on whose head the snows of seventy winters have fallen,—ready to take his departure from this world forever." Some have offered heredity as an objection to the abolition of the House of Lords, yet it cannot be denied that heredity produces haughty legislation, and becomes legislation for the few rather than for the people. The same work in legislative reform which is being done in the House of Lords could and should be done in the House of Commons.

Since, therefore, the House of Lords is a hereditary body, since it delays legislation, since it is in itself useless, why not abolish it?

Mr. Richard G. Rozier, of Robertson County, claimed that the House of Lords as a second legislative house is indispensable, and that an abolition of it would cause a revolution. It would be impossible, were the House of Lords to be abolished, to substitute anything in its place, unless we were to establish a body with powers co-ordinate with the present one. If all the power of legislation be left with the House of Commons it would at once become despotic and uncontrollable, as there would be no second house to check it. The first principle of a democratic form of government is that there shall be two legislative bodies, and the wisdom of this principle has been shown by every nation that has attained to any degree of greatness. Whence, then, comes this cry for the abolition of the House of Lords? "'Tis but the cry of anarchists made respectable by the pretext of reform, the mad spirit of revolution that would sweep away all government."

Each speaker was allowed ten minutes for reply, after which the vote was taken, which resulted in favor of the affirmative by a vote of 170 to 17.

At 7:30 P. M., the audience again assembled to hear the orations by the orators from the Literary Societies. Mr. J. N. Tolar, of Robeson County, introduced Mr. W. C. Newton, of Clayton, N. C., who was the representative from the Philomathesian Society. His subject was "A Pound of Flesh."

Mr. John M. Heck, of Raleigh, N. C., then introduced Mr. R. T. Daniel, of Weldon, N. C., who was the representative from the Euzelian Society. His subject was "The Iron Prince."

We give no synopsis of the orations, as we hope to give them in full in the next issue of THE STUDENT.

Mr. Tolar then invited the audience to a social gathering in the Literary Halls, and the Sixtieth Anniversary was at an end.